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"Voices from the Spirit-Land."

In the silence of the mid-night,
When the cares of day are o'er,
In my soul I hear the voices
Of the loved ones gone before;
And they, words of comfort whispering,
Tell they'll watch on every hand,
And I love, I love to hear to
Voices from the spirit-Land.

In my wandering oft there cometh
Sudden stillness to my soul,
When around, above, within it,
Rapturous joys unnumbered roll,
Though around me all is tumult,
Not a sound strikes on every hand,
Yet within my soul, I hear to
Voices from the spirit-Land.

Loved ones that have gone before me,
Whispered words of peace and joy;
Those that long since have departed,
Tell me their divine employ
Is to watch and guard my foot-steps;
And my soul is cheered in hearing
Voices from the spirit-Land.

A TOUCHING STORY.

The following affecting narrative pur-
ports to have been given by a father to his
sons, as a warning derived from his own
latter experience of sin of grieving and re-
sisting a mother's love and counsel.

When agony was visible on my mother's
face when she saw that all she said and sug-
gested, failed to move me, she rose to go
home, and I followed at a distance. She
spoke no more to me till she reached her
own door.

"It's school-time now," said she, "go
out, and don't come here to be scolded by
me. Think on what I have said."

"I shan't go to school," said I.
She looked astonished at my boldness,
but replied firmly:

"Certainly you will go, Alfred. I com-
mand you."

"I will not," said I, in a tone of defiance.

"One of two things you must do, Alfred—
either go to school this morning, or I will
lock you in your room, and keep you there
till you are ready to promise implicit obedi-
ence to my wishes in future."

"I dare you to do it," said I, "you can't
get me out of here."

"Alfred, choose now," said my mother,
who laid hand on my arm—she trembled
violently, and was deadly pale.

"If you touch me I will kick you," said
I, in a terrible rage. God knows I knew
not what I said.

"Will you go, Alfred?"

"No!" I replied, but quailed beneath her
eye.

"Then follow me," said she, grasping my
arm firmly. I raised my foot—oh, my son,
hear me—I raised my foot and kicked her—
my sainted mother! How my head reeled
as the torrent of memory rushes over me—
I kicked my mother—terrible woman—my
mother! She staggered back a few steps
and leaned against the wall. She did not
look at me. I saw her heart beat against
her breast.

"Oh, Heavenly Father! said she, "for-
give him—he knows not what he does."

The gardener just then passed the door,
and seeing my mother pale, and almost un-
able to support herself, he stopped. She
beckoned him in.

"Take this boy up stairs, and lock him
in his room," said she, and turned from me.
Looking back as she was entering her room,
she gave me such a look of agony, mingled
with the most intense love!—it was the last.

unutterable pang from a heart that was broken.

In a moment I found myself a prisoner
in my room. I thought, for a moment, I
would fling myself from the open window
and dash my brains out, but I felt afraid to
do it. I was not penitent. At times my
heart was subdued; but my stubborn pride
arose in an instant, and bade me not yield.
The pale face of my mother haunted me—
I flung myself on the bed and fell asleep.
Just at twilight I heard a foot-step ap-
proach the door. It was my sister.

"What may I tell mother from you?"
she asked.

"Nothing," I replied.

"Oh, Alfred! for my sake, and for all our
sakes, say that you are sorry. Say I long to
forgive you."

I would not answer. I heard her foot-
steps slowly retreating, and again I threw
myself on the bed, to pass another fearful
and wretched night.

Another foot-step, slower and feebler
than my sister's disturbed me. A voice
called me by name. It was my mother's.

"Alfred, my son, will you listen?" she asked.
I cannot tell what influence, operating at
that moment, made me speak adverse to my
feelings. The gentle voice of my mother
thrilled through me, melted the ice of my
obdurate heart, and I longed to throw my-
self on her neck, but I did not.

But my words gave the lie to my heart
when I said I am not sorry. I heard her
withdraw. I heard her groan. I longed to
called her back, but I did not.

I was awakened from my uneasy slumber,
by hearing my name called loudly and sister
stood at my bed-head.

"Get up Alfred. Oh, don't wait a min-
ute! Get up, and come with me. Mother
is dying."

I thought I was yet dreaming, but I got
up, and found my mother dead.

On the bed, pale and cold as marble, lay my
mother. She had not undressed. She had
thrown herself on the bed to rest; arising to
go again to me, she was seized with a palpi-
tation of the heart, and borne senseless to
her room.

I cannot tell you with what agony I
looked on her; my remorse was ten fold
more bitter from the thought that she would
never know it. I believe myself to be her
murderer. I fell on the bed beside her. I
could not weep. My heart burned in my
bosom; my brain was on fire. My sister
threw her arms around me, and wept in
silence. Suddenly we saw a slight motion of
mother's hand; her eyes unclosed. She had
recovered consciousness, but not speech—
She looked at me and moved her lips. I
could not understand her words. "Mother!
mother!" I shrieked, say "only that you
forgive me. She could not say it with her
lips, but her hand pressed mine. She smiled
on me, and lifting her thin white hands,
she clasped my own within them, and cast
her eyes upward. She moved her lips in
prayer, and thus she died. I remained still
kneeling beside that dear form, till my gen-
tle sister removed me. The joy of youth
had left forever.

Boys who spurn a mother's control, who
are ashamed to own that they are wrong,
who think it manly to resist her authority,
or yield to her influence, beware! Lay not
on yourselves bitter memories for future
years.

Heavy.

An Ohio correspondent becomes respon-
sible for the following, which, as a matter of
fact, he wishes placed upon record. Whit-
taker is one of the richest men in those
parts, and has made his money by driving
sharp bargains. His hired man was going
along with a load of hay, which he over-
turned upon a cow. The poor thing was
smothered to death before they could get
her out. Her owner, Jones, called upon Mr.
Whittaker the next day, and demanded pay-
ment for the loss of his cow.

"Certainly," said Mr. Whittaker, "what
do you suppose she was worth?"

"Well, ten dollars," said Jones.

"And how much did you get for the hide
and tallow?"

"Ten dollars and a half, sir."

"Oh, well, then you owe me just fifty
cents."

Jones was mystified, and Whittaker very
fierce in his demand, and before Jones
could get the thing straight in his mind, he
forked over the money.

Economy.

We have but a faint notion of economy in
this country, and there are few persons
who seem able to exercise its spirit in their
mode of living. As a general thing, young
people, clerks, and the like, calculate to
live fully up to the amount of their income,
it indeed they do not out run its limits and
become involved in debt. So with married
men, of humble means; they calculate to
spend about as much as they get, and often
find themselves involved in debts they can
not liquidate. Now there is a simple rule
which, if adopted, would make people quite
independent.

In the first place, let a man's income be
ever so small, he should calculate to save a
little, and lay it by, if only five or ten dol-
lars a year. This will be sure to keep him
from running in debt, and as soon as he has
a sum of money saved, there is a natural in-
clination to add to that amount, and thus un-
wittingly, as it were, he begins to accumu-
late. This operation once commenced, he
will be surprised to see how fast his means
increase; and then the slow but sure in-
crease of principal by the accumulation of
interest is a matter of clear gain. In this
relation our own style of saving banks, and
new five cent saving banks, are accomplish-
ing a work of great good, being practical
suggestions to the people that cannot fail of
their influence.

Never purchase any article of dress or
luxury until you can pay cash for it; this is
a most important rule to observe, and the
credit system, in fact, has done quite as
much to ruin debtors as creditors. A vast
number of little expenses (but large in the
aggregate) would be saved if one always
paid the money for the same at the time of
purchase, in place of having it charged.—
Pay as you go, is a golden rule, and it is
the true economy.

Many a poor man could build a house over
his head and own it, with the price of the
cigars and tobacco he has used, to say noth-
ing of the worse uses "drinks" of beer
and bad spirits, in which, from time to time,
he has allowed himself to indulge. Avoid
any habit, however simple it may be at the
out set, which involves unnecessary ex-
pense; one leads to another, and all together
will empty your purse, and sap the marrow
of your physical strength. It is not so much
what a man's income may be, as it is what
he spends, that graduates his means. Strive
then to adopt the true principle of economy,
and you have the secret of independence.

A Mystery of the Past.

An immense catacomb can be seen at
Rothwell, in the interior of England, near
the direct route from Liverpool to London.
It is an immense vault built of masonry, un-
der a church, which dates back apper-
tly for its first erection to about the year 1150
and contains the skeletons of 300,000
men, probably warriors, of great size, piled
up in regular order, so that skulls and large
bones only appear on the outside of the
piles. The skulls show marks of spear-
and hatchet, but no gun-shot wounds, and their
owners probably fell in mortal conflict an-
terior to the invention of gun-powder. The
vault was discovered by accident 160 years
ago, and has no connection with the
church as far as known; in fact the mys-
tery is, that there is no historical evidence
nor extraordinary legend which throws the
least light upon the obscurity of its erec-
tion. No anatomist, historian, ethnologist,
antiquarian, nor savan of any stripe, has
been able to decide the people even to
whom these bones once belonged. Were
they native Saxons, or Romans, or Danes,
Normans, or what? Nobody has more than
guessed. A plausible theory is that they
belonged to Danish invaders, slain by the
Saxons about the year 1200, and this is but
a probability.

A Good Suggestion.—We perceive that
several papers in the West have lately been
advocating the propriety of holding an An-
nual Fair for the north west, to which the
States of Ohio, Indiana, Illinois, Missouri,
Iowa, Wisconsin and Minnesota are to con-
tribute. It is an excellent suggestion, and
one which we hope to see carried out. The
National Fair, or many instances, is located
at a distance too remote for the economic in-
terest of portions of the Union, and Fairs in
various quarters in which several States
might participate, would insure a better ex-
hibition.

I Wait for Thee.

The hearth is swept—the fire is bright,
The kettle sings for tea;
The cloth is spread, the lamp is light,
The muffled smoke in naphia white,
And now I wait for thee

Come home, love, come—thy task is done,
The clock ticks listlessly;
The blinds are shut, the curtain down,
The arm-chair to the fire drawn,
The boy is on my knee.

Come home, love, come—his deep fond
eyes

Looks round wistfully:
And when the whispering winds go by,
As if thy welcome steps were nigh,
His brow exultingly.

In vain—he finds the welcome vain,
And turns his glance on mine
So earnestly, that yet again
His form unto my heart I strain,
That glance is so like thine.

The task is done—we miss thee here;
Where'er thy foot-step roam,
No hearth will spend such kindly cheer,
No beating heart, no listening ear,
Like thine who wait thee home.

Alas, now along the cross-walk fast,
The well known step doth come:
The bulb is drawn, the gate is past,
The boy is wild with joy at last—
A thousand welcomes home!

A citizen of this State wishing to
know what constitutes an American flag,
addressed the following to the Secretary of
War:

Hon. JOHN B. FLOYD.—Dear Sir: "You
will oblige me, and confer a favor on a num-
ber of our citizens, if you will inform me
by return mail what constitutes a correct
American flag—its relative proportions, and
the number of stars and stripes.

Very respectfully,
D. W. M.

To which the Secretary answered:
QUARTERMASTER GENERAL'S OFFICE,
Washington, Nov. 1 1859.

D. W. M.—Sir: Your letter of the 25th
ultimo to the Secretary of War has been
referred by him to this office for reply.

The American flag consists essentially of
13 horizontal stripes of equal breadth, alter-
nately red and white, beginning with the
red. In the upper quarter, next the staff,
is the Union, composed of a number of white
stars equal to the number of States, on a blue
field one-third the length of the flag, extend-
ing down to the lower edge of the fourth red
stripe from the top. The exact size of
the flag is not fixed. There are four sizes
used by the Army; a garrison flag, thirty-six
feet by twenty feet hoist; a storm flag,
twenty feet by ten; a recruiting flag, nine
feet nine inches by four feet four inches; and
the regimental colors, six feet six inches by
six feet on the pike.

By order of the Quarter-master General.
E. SIBLEY,
Major and Quarter-master.

The following is set down as the re-
lative heating values of different kinds of
American wood:

Shell bark hickory, being taken as the
highest standard, 250; pig-nut hickory, 95;
white-oak, 83; white-ash, 77; dogwood, 75;
scrub-oak, 73; white hazel, 72; apple-tree
70; red oak, 63; white beech, 65; black
walnut, 66; black birch, 62; yellow oak, 60;
hard maple, 59; white elm, 58; red cedar,
59; wild cherry, 44; yellow pine, 74; chest-
nut, 62; yellow poplar, 52; butter nut, 52;
white birch, 49; white pine, 44.

There are two stages in the burning of wood;
in the first, the heat comes chiefly from
flame, in the second from red hot coals—
Soft woods are much more active in the
first stage than the hard, and hard woods
more active in the second stage than soft.
The soft woods burn with a voluminous
flame, and leave but little coal, while the
hard woods produce less flame and a larger
mass of coal.

What is It?—A kiss is thus defined in
a love letter written in 1689, and translated
from the German:

What is a kiss? A kiss is, as it were, a
seal, expressing our sincere attachment, a
pledge of future union—a present, which at
the same time is taken from us—the impres-
sion of an ivory coral pres—crimson stain
for a love-wounded heart—a sweet bit of the
holy—an affectionate pinch of the heart—
delicious dish which is eaten with a scarlet
spoon—a sweetmeat which does not satisfy
our hunger—a fruit which we plant and
gather at the same time—the quickest ex-
change of question and answer between
lovers—the fourth degree of love.

Only Tight.

"How flushed,—how pale he is! what's
the matter with him?"

Only tight.

Tight!

Yes, intoxicated.

Only tight! Man's best and greatest gift,
his intellect, degraded, the only power that
rescues him from brute creation, trodden under
out of a debasing appetite.

Only tight, the mother stands with pale
and tear dimmed eyes to see her only son's
disgrace, and in her fancy pictures the bit-
ter woe of which this is the fore-shadowing.

Only tight! The gentle sister, whose
strongest love through life has been given
to her handsome talented brother, shrinks
with contempt and disgust from his em-
brace, and brushes away the hot impure
kisses from her cheek.

Only tight! and his young bride stops in
the glad dance she making to meet him; and
checks the welcome on her lips to gaze in
terror on the reeling form and flushed face
of him who was the god of her idolatry.

Only tight! and the father's face grows
dark and sad as with a bitter sigh he stoops
over the sleeping form of his first-born.

He has brought sorrow to all these affec-
tionate hearts, he has opened the door to a
total indulgence, he has brought himself
down to a level with the lowest brutes; he
taunted exciting the appetite to crave the poi-
sonous draught again, he has fallen from
high and noble manhood, to babbling idiosy
and heavy stupor; brought grief to his mo-
ther, distrust in his sister, almost despair to
his bride, and bowed his father's head with
sorrow.

A Hoosier who has transported him-
self into Kentucky, and by favor of the peo-
ple in one of the counties, has gone into the
business of Justice of the Peace, says "he
has ascertained by observation and calcula-
tion, that there are, on an average, four pretty
good fights in a gallon of whiskey. Each
fight will average one dollar and a quarter in
fee, making five dollars to the gallon. Cost
of a gallon of whiskey, forty cents, leaving a
net profit of four dollars and sixty cents,
which he calls about as good a per cent, on
the original investment," as he obtains in any
legitimate business. He administers the
whiskey free, but puts the highest tariff on
the justice he administers.

When Dick's wife presented him with
twin for the third time, Bob said to him:
"Dick, why don't you petition for a divorce?"
You can get one easy enough."

"Upon what grounds?" asked Dick.

"Why," said Bob, "upon the grounds
that your wife is of an over-bearing dispo-
sition." We regret to say that Bob's remark
was overheard by Mrs. Dick, and that a cool-
ness has existed between them ever since.

NO IMPRISONMENT FOR DEBT IN INDIANA.
—Yesterday J. Y. Allison, Esq., brought a
client before Judge Chapman, on a writ of
habeas corpus, who had been fined by the
Judge of the Common Pleas Court, and com-
mitted to jail in default of payment of costs.
Judge Parker held that the debt was owing
to the officers of the Court, and as the Con-
stitution of the State prohibits imprisonment
for debt, the prisoner was discharged.—Mad-
ison Cour.

A Negro, soon after the revolutionary
war, being told of the great valor of Corn-
wallis, replied:

"King George send him over to his coun-
try Cornwallis, but General Washington git
at him and escape de corn off and send him
back Co'-wallis.

"John" said a master to his appren-
tice as he was about to start on a short
journey, "you must occupy my place while
I am away."

"Thank you, sir," demurely replied John,
"But I'd rather sleep with the boys."

"The candles you sold me last night
were very bad," said Suett to a fellow chan-
dler. "Indeed sir," said he, "I'm very sorry
for that." "Yes, sir, do you know that they
burnt to the mid-le, and then wouldn't burn
longer?" "You surprise me; what, sir! did
they go out?" "No, sir." "What then?"
"They burnt shorter."

What you make dare! hastily inquired a
Dutchman of his daughter who was being
kissed very clamorously. On not much, only
courts a little, dare all, father.

Oh, ish it all; I thought you was fighting.